

Bunk Beds by kirabook

Series: [Will & Eleven](#) | [Thematic Twins](#) [4]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Eleven | Jane Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-02

Updated: 2018-04-02

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:34:09

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,270

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Nightmares aren't uncommon for Will. He was just thinking too much.

Summer 1986

Bunk Beds

It was one of those nights. They came around now and then, it was normal at this point.

Whenever he closed his eyes, events he didn't want to remember flashed behind them. It wasn't that bad. Not anymore, especially not during the summer. The nightmares only came when... it was cold. This time of the year was a reprieve from the worst memories.

Will sighed and turned toward the bedroom door. A dim light poured into his room from the small sliver between the door and the frame. His mother always left a lamp or two on at night.

"Just in case," she insisted. No one wanted to stub their toes or walk into a wall, that was her reasoning. He knew that wasn't the actual reason. Day or night, she wanted to be able to get around the house with no issues. Specifically, she wanted to get to his room or to the phone at lightning speed with no issues.

Will started when he heard a creaking from then bed. His focused shifted up, spotting El's dark curls hanging from her head and her eyes focused on him. Neither of them said anything and silence replaced the creaking.

"You're not asleep?" El asked. Or stated? Sometimes she didn't separate her questions from a regular statement.

"I am." Will lied. El's eyes narrowed. She was much quicker to catch his teasing these days. He thought he saw her eyes roll in the darkness.

"What's wrong?" She continued, deciding to ignore his previous response. Will paused, wondering what to say. He couldn't lie to her. He *could*, but she would call him out right away. El didn't pick up on a lot of social cues and norms, but she could easily catch a lie. Especially his lies. If he told her he wasn't feeling well, she'd get worried and-

Will gasped when his bed suddenly sunk in. He'd been so wrapped up

in thought, he didn't notice El climb from her bed and join him in his. He took too long to answer. El crawled to the opposite end of the bed and extended her legs. Her feet were close to Will's head, but she quickly wrapped her blanket around them as Will propped up on his elbows. Always considerate, even if she came into his bed without asking again. He was used to it now though.

It reminded him of when he used to sneak into Jonathan's room on school nights and go through all of his new pictures or magazines before their mom noticed. Or when they'd sneak into the living room to watch a scary movies on mute. It was a stupid idea since a lot of the movies didn't have captions, but they did it anyway. For the thrill he guessed. Afterwards, Will crawled into Jonathan's bed since his own door was so loud and creaky at the time. Plus, it was nice to have someone with you after watching some freaky things so late at night. It was silly, but it was their little secret.

"... It's not that bad," Will reasoned. "It's really not." El's head tilted to one side as she observed him.

"It seems like it is."

"Just... having trouble getting to sleep. Thinking too much."

"Oh."

They sat there silently. Normally moments like this would be awkward, but it wasn't between them. Not anymore. Neither of them felt the need to fill the silence with their hushed voices.

It was then that Will realized something. She was still awake too.

"... And what about you?"

"... Just thinking too much." She borrowed his words.

"... Should we talk about it?" El shrugged, but the answer was no.

Everyone wanted them to talk about it, but they rarely did. It rarely helped. Even when they were alone together, they tried not to bring up the past. Instead they did things like this. Sit or sleep next to each other when the going got tough and distract themselves. They did

talk sometimes, but talking was hardly necessary between them to understand or sympathize.

“Want to play the game?” Will asked. He saw El nod before she turned to the side and laid down. Will joined her, turning so that they could see each other from across the bed.

He remembered the first few times El snuck into his bed at night. It was a bit weird and didn’t end well. He still had nightmares at the time and couldn’t control where his arms and legs went. El never admitted it, but he wondered if he accidentally hit her in his sleep. Instead, they started sleeping opposite of each other. A blanketed foot to the face is a lot less painful than an elbow to the face for some reason.

When Hopper and Joyce bought the bunk beds, it was meant for he and Jonathan to share. One of the boys would move into the other’s room leaving El to her own space.

El refused. She wanted to share a room with him. Joyce was uncertain, but didn’t want to just ignore El’s wishes. She tried to convince El why she needed her own space, but Hopper had less patience and refused to let them share a room.

“I don’t want to be by myself!”

“You’re right across the hall!”

Watching them bicker was painful. And loud.

The following day, Hopper seemed subdued and finally asked Will’s opinion. Joyce was sitting next to him. Her eyes were sharp, yet patient. Will recognized her expression. It was the face she turned him when he had to apologize for something he did when he really didn’t want to. It rarely happened, but the face was memorable enough.

Will felt put on the spot and confused. He didn’t mind sharing a room with her, but wasn’t Hopper right? Didn’t girls want their own room and privacy like Nancy? Or Erica. Or even Holly?

In the end, he took El’s side. He didn’t want her to be mad at him,

though he knew she wouldn't stay mad for long. He expected Hopper to be more bothered about a girl sharing a room with a boy, but he didn't seem to care or worry. Not that he had anything to worry about anyway. No one cared when the final decision was made.

El's toys and trinkets were moved into his room and the top bunk was hers. After the first night of sharing the same room, he finally understood. She didn't want to be alone. That was it.

Of course, this wasn't the first time she spent the night over their house. It wasn't even the first time she slept in his room or she slept in his bed. El had stayed over for countless sleepovers with and without the party. Their parents hadn't even been dating and yet she was at their house every off day while Hopper and Joyce worked.

El never slept alone. She slept with him or their friends next to her or close by. She seemed content squished in with everyone or sharing a huge blanket together. Once you're used to something, why change it when you don't really have to?

Not to mention how much trouble the both of them had going to sleep or staying asleep. Will would constantly wake Jonathan up and have him worried if they shared a bed. It was easier having someone with the same sleeping habits in the same room. Or someone who understood when both needed to talk in the dead of night.

"I'll start." El whispered. "One."

Or someone to count sheep with until sleep finally came.

"Two." Will continued.

Author's Note:

Excuse me, where are all the Will & El sibling fics I requested??? DO I HAVE TO WRITE THEM ALL MYSELF?! Q_Q

Tumblr: <https://willel.tumblr.com/post/172535684995/bunk-beds>